

PROCRASTINATION.—Acts xxiv. 25, 26. BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Alone he sat and wrot. That very night, The ambassador of God, with earnest zeal Of eloquence had warned him to repent, And, like the Roman at Drusilla's side, Hearing the truth, he trembled. Conscience wrought, Yet sin allur'd. The struggle shook him sore. The dim light waned—the hour of midnight toll'd; Prayer sought for entrance, but the heart had closed Its diamond valve. He threw him on his couch, And bade the spirit of his God depart. —But there was war within him, and he sigh'd, "Depart not utterly, thou Blessed One! Return when youth is past, and make my soul For ever thine."

With kindling brow he trod The haunts of pleasure, while the viol's voice, And beauty's smile, his joyous pulses woke. To love he knelt, and on his brow she hung Her freshest myrtle-wreath. For gold he sought, And winged wealth indulged him, till the world Pronounc'd him happy. Manhood's vigorous prime Swell'd to its climax, and his busy days And restless nights swept like a tide away. Care struck deep root around him, and each shoot, Still striking earthward, like the Indian tree, Shut out with woven shades, the eye of heaven; When, lo! a message from the Crucified— "Look unto me and live." Pausing, he spake Of weariness, and haste, and want of time, And duty to his children, and besought A longer space to do the work of heaven.

God spake again, when Age had shed its snows On his wan temples, and the palsied hand Shrank from gold-gathering. But the rigid chain Of habit bound him, and he still implor'd A more convenient season:— "See, my step Is firm and free—my unquench'd life delights To view this pleasant world, and e'er with me May last for many years. In the calm hour Of lingering sickness, I can better fit For vast eternity."

Disease approached, And Reason fled. The maniac strove with death, And grappled like a fiend, with shrieks and cries, Till darkness smote his eyeballs, and thick ice Closed in around his heart-strings. The poor clay Lay vanquish'd and distorted. But the soul, The soul, whose promised season never came— To hearken to his Maker's call—had gone To weigh his sufferings with its own abuse, And bide the audit.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

(From the New York Mercury.)

At the request of the editor of the Railway Herald, I will preach on this occasion from the following text:— If ye are honest, honourable men, Go ye and pay—the Printer.

My hearers,—There are many seeming trifles in this world which you are apt to overlook, on account of their unimportance, the neglect of which has plunged thousands into the deepest mire of misery, and sunk their character into inextricable degradation. Among those ostensible trifles, that of neglecting to pay our honest debts is the most common, and attended with the worst of consequences. It takes off all the silken fur from the fine threads of feeling, creates a kind of misanthropic coldness about the heart, skims off all the cream that may chance to rise upon the milk of generosity, and makes man look as savagely on his brother man as does a dog upon one of his species while engaged in the gratifying employment of eating his master's dinner. One debt begets another. I have always observed, that he who owes more than he can pay, is a man who is a slave to his creditors. Oh, my friends, to be over head and ears in love is as bad a predicament as a person ought to be in; but to be so deeply in debt that you can't sleep at nights without being haunted by the ghost of some insatiate creditor, is enough to give a man the hydrophobia, make him bite a wheelbarrow, cause it to run mad, and create a general consternation among the lamp posts.

My dear friends, the debt that sits heaviest on the conscience of a mortal—provided he has one—is the debt due to the printer! It presses harder on one's bosom than the nightmare, galls the soul, frets and chafes every ennobling sentiment, squeezes all the juice of fraternal sympathy from the heart, and leaves it drier than the surface of a roasted potato. A man who wrongs a printer out of a single cent can never expect to enjoy comfort in this world, and may well have doubts of finding happiness in any other. He will be sure to go down to the grave ere time shall bedeck his brow with the silvery blossoms of age, and the green leaves of hope will fall before the fresh bud of enjoyment has expanded. It is true that the mushrooms of peace may spring up during a short night of forgetfulness, but they will all wither under the scorching rays of remorse. How can you, my friends, ever have the wickedness and cruelty to cheat the printer, when you consider how much he has done, and is every day doing, for you? He has poured into the treasuries of your minds some of the most valuable gifts that any thing short of a God can bestow—aye riches which you would not part with for the possession of the whole world and a mortgage on a small room of heaven. With the keys of magic, as it were, he has opened the iron-cased doors of human understanding—dispelled the darkness of ignorance, and lit up the lamps of knowledge and wisdom. That mighty engine, the Press, is surrounded by a halo of glory, and its effulgence extends all over the broad empire of the mind, illuminating the darkest avenues of the heart; and yet the printer, the man who toils at the lever of this soul-enlightening instrument, is often robbed of his hard-earned bread by those whom he has delivered from mental bondage and placed in a paradise to lay off and grow fat upon the fruits of his labours!

Oh, you ungrateful sinners! if you have hearts moistened with the dews of mercy, instead of gizzards filled with gravel, take heed what I say unto you. If there be one among you in the congregation whose accounts are not settled with the printer, go and adjust them immediately, and be able to hold up your heads in society like a giraffe; be respected by the wise and the good, free from the tortures of a guilty conscience, the mortification of repeated duns, and escape from falling into the clutches of those licensed thieves, the lawyers. If you are honest and honorable men, you will go forthwith and pay the printer. You will not wait for the morrow, because there is no to-morrow; it is but a visionary receptacle for unredeemed promises; an added egg in the great nest of the future; the debtor's hope and the creditor's curse. If you are dishonest, low-minded sons of Satan, I do not suppose you will ever pay the printer as long as you have no reputation to lose, no character to sustain, and no morals to cultivate. But let me tell you, my friends, that if you don't do it your paths to the tomb will be strewn with thorns, you will have to gather your daily food from brambles, your children will die of the dysentery, and you yourselves will never enjoy the blessings of health! I once called on a sick person whom the doctors had given up as a gone case. I asked him

if he had made his peace with his Maker. He said he thought he had squared all up. I inquired if he had forgiven all his enemies. He replied, yes. I then asked him if he had made his peace with his printer. He hesitated for a moment, and then said, he believed he owed him something like about two dollars and fifty cents, which he desired to have paid before he bid good bye to the world. His desire was immediately gratified, and from that moment he became convalescent. He is now living in the enjoyment of health and prosperity, at peace with his own conscience, his God, and the world. Let this be an example for you, my friends. Patronise the printer, take the papers, pay for them in advance, and your days will be long upon the earth, and overflowing with the honey of happiness.

My hearers, pay all your debts, and keep an honourable reckoning with your fellow men; but above all, keep paying, by daily instalments, that everlasting debt of gratitude which you owe to Him from whom you obtained the capital sufficient to begin the first transactions of life, so that when you come to balance accounts at the day of general settlement, all things may appear fair and above board. "So mote it be."

Dow, Jr.

THE REV. W. JAY, ON INTEMPERANCE.—What has the accursed evil (intemperance) done? Why, it has produced—all acknowledge this, no individual can deny it—it has produced a thousand times more sin and misery than a thousand other causes in the aggregate, while it baffles all efforts to do good of every kind. Yet what has been done to stop, or even to check it, till, at length, a simple expedient has been devised, and successfully employed in countless instances, in America, and in our own land, and especially in Ireland. I never reclaimed a drunkard in my life: perhaps no minister in the Church or among the Dissenters ever reclaimed one, unless by the efficacy of that Gospel which delivers men from the power and love of every sin. But now we have thousands reclaimed from their infamous and wretched course, to habits of labour, and decency, and comfort; without religion, immediately. Ah! this furnishes you with an objection. But consider what advantages arise from such a reformation, with regard to wives, and children, and neighbours, and families, and the country. And then observe, as to the individuals themselves, they are now in the way of becoming religious. They were like madmen before; but to use the expression of my friend, Dr. Morgan, who has so nobly laboured in this cause, these now, by this lunatic hospital, (for it professes to be nothing more,) are restored to reason; and now that they are restored to reason, you can reason with them: they are accessible to motives, and means may be advantageously employed. People may smile; but let them take heed how they oppose, if their sin and appetites will not allow of their aiding in such a cause. I speak after much reflection, as in the presence of God; I am fully persuaded that these institutions will be found one of the grand regenerators of society, and will verify the language of Scripture, with regard to Ireland—"A nation shall be born in a day."

THE PALM TREE OF PALESTINE AND THE PHOENIX.—The palm tree is an evergreen, which, to attain perfection, requires a hot climate, with a soil sandy yet humid, and somewhat nitrous. Hence its favourite place is along the rivers which border the hot and sandy deserts, and beside old wells, in the heart of the desert itself—a circumstance which renders the distant prospect of it a delight to the wanderer in these parched regions, from the found in the desert under such circumstances are supposed to have sprung from the date-stones thrown away by the travellers, who usually stop where water is found for refreshment and rest. Mario says, that when it is newly planted, the natives surround its root with ashes and salt, while they guard it carefully from all gross and putrid matters, which are in the highest degree discouraging to this tree. It is propagated chiefly from young shoots taken from the roots of full-grown trees, which, if well transplanted and taken care of, will yield their fruit in the 6th or 7th year; whereas those that are raised immediately from the kernel, will not bear until their 16th. This method of raising the palm (phoenix)—and it may be further observed, that when the old trunk dies there is never wanting one or more of such offsprings to succeed it—may have given occasion to the fable of the bird that name dying, and another rising from its ashes. But a more strict application of this fable arises from the alleged fact, that when a palm tree has decayed, the Arabs cut it down to the roots, and burn it on the spot, and the ashes being covered with earth, a new shoot springs up, which in the course of a few years becomes a strong tree.—Knight's Pictorial History of Palestine.

LADY BYRON.—In my last letter, I promised to tell you something of Lady Byron, whom it was my pleasure to meet in London. A few words must redeem the pledge. I have rarely been more interested in any lady, on either side of the Atlantic, than in this lovely, winning woman. She appears as mild as the blue sky of an Italian evening. Instructed by her intelligent conversation, and charmed with the soft graces which modestly sparkled on the current of her thoughts, I said to myself, "Can it be that that pale blue eye, that mellow voice, those bland manners, belong to the Lady Byron, the wife of the wild genius whose erratic fire, while it startled the round world with its glare, withered all that is sweet and beautiful within its own domestic circles, and ultimately consumed itself by the intensity of its own heat?" Hidden under the wan cheek and quiet countenance of this unfortunate lady, there may lie the smouldering embers of fierce passions, that once shot their flames through the very veins of the noble bard, and made him the despairing suicide he was; but they now slumber so profoundly that I cannot, will not believe they ever were in being.

But this is needless conjecture. Moore, the particular friend of the poet, admits that Lady Byron was gentle and lovely; and the impartial world cannot wholly acquit her of blame in the unfortunate affair to which I have alluded. Let oblivion cover all.

There is a sprightliness in the conversation of Lady Byron that wins and weds the listener, and a dignified common sense that edify him. The tinge of sadness—shall I call it melancholy?—which flows through it, gives a serious and sincere hue to the vein of pure morality which pervades much of her discourse. Her address and mein are familiar and easy. Decidedly plain looking, her countenance, when lying in repose, is rather dull and uninteresting. When excited by the ardent conversation of kindred spirits, it beams, but never flashes. Even in her bloom she could not have been handsome. The portraits of her, which are usually met in shops, or appended to the works of Lady Byron, are tolerably faithful to the original.

As might be expected, she is very sensitive to all allusions, however remote, to her late husband. I am told

that she often leaves the room when his name and history are introduced—not rudely, of course; but on some feigned or real excuse. I was standing near her when a well-meaning but bungling gentleman spoke to her of her "illustrious husband." With much readiness she adroitly turned the conversation, and politely disengaged herself from the circle.

It is not so with Ada Augusta, her daughter, the present Lady Lovelace. She loves to talk of her father, and is delighted when you tell her that his works are universally read, not only in the seaboard cities of America, but among the far off hills of the prairies of the New World. Ada is gentle, witty, and pretty; but neither beautiful nor large minded. She is said to be the happy wife of Lord Lovelace.—Correspondence of the New York American.

LIFE OF A MEDICAL MAN.—There is not any career which so rapidly wears away the powers of life, because there is no other which requires a greater activity of mind and body. He has to bear the changes of weather, continued fatigue, irregularity in his meals, and broken rest; to live in the midst of miasma and contagion. If rest in the country, he has to traverse considerable distances on horseback, exposed to wind and storm, to brave all dangers, to go to the relief of suffering humanity. A fearful truth for medical men has been established by the table of mortality of Dr. Casper, published in the British Review. Of 1000 members of the medical profession, 600 died before their sixty-second year; whilst of persons leading a quiet life, such as agriculturists or theologians, the mortality is only 337. If we take 100 individuals of each of the classes—43 theologians, 40 agriculturists, 85 clerks, and 82 soldiers will reach their seventieth year; of 100 professors of the healing art, 24 only will reach that age. They are the signposts of health; they can show the road to old age, but rarely tread it themselves.

THE POOR MAN.—"When a poor man attempts to rise—attempts to show that there is no monopoly of genius, and that Nature hath given as free and noble a soul to the lowly as to the great—he is not only opposed by the class above him, but envy and scorn are too often his portion among his fellows. They do not like to see themselves outstripped by one whom they have reckoned no better than themselves, and instead of encouraging, they damp his ardor, and grieve his heart with sneers, and cold, because envious, counsel; the next class above him love not to see a man who has naught to boast of but a noble soul, no treasures save those of mind, presuming to take his place among them; and there is one universal shout of 'keep him down!' This upward struggle which poverty-struck genius has to endure—this struggle against prejudice, and envy, and misrepresentation, and want, has daunted many a mind, and has discouraged many a breast, and has kept many a man, formed to be a light to the world, in poverty and darkness to the end of his days.—Because of this, many a noble spirit has concealed its own flame of brightness; many noble and free men, of whom the world was not worthy, have gone down into the grave, with all the wisdom of their souls untold—have died and made no sign.

CERTAIN CURE FOR THE DROPSY.—Take cinder from a blacksmith's shop, beat it fine, sift it to take out the coarse particles, mix the fine cinder in a pint of honey, until it is stiff enough to lay on the point of a case knife, not hard like pills. Give the patient as much as will lay on the point of a case knife, three times a day, morning, noon, and at night.—This mixture is very purgative, and will cause the patient to discharge great quantities of water. The operation may be given according to the operation; if that appears to be too severe, give less; if it does not operate enough, give more, and continue it until the swelling is gone. The patient may take any diet but milk, of which he should not taste a drop; neither take any other kind of medicine while using the above. I have known several persons who were cured of that dreadful disease by using the above mixture, some of whom were so bad that the water oozed out of their feet and legs, and left their tracks as they walked across the floor.—Ken. paper.

THE SERPENT OF ANTIQUITY.—In antiquity the serpent played an important part. By some nations it was regarded as the emblem of cunning, deceit, and wickedness (compare the narrative of the fall of man in Genesis with the Persian saga of Ahreman and Ormuzd); by others, such as the Egyptians and Phœnicians, it was looked upon as a good genius (agatho-dæmon), and worshipped as the emblem of fertility; while by the Greeks and Romans, whose mythology originated undoubtedly from Egypt and the East, it appeared under a variety of symbolic representations. With the latter, the serpent was the well-known emblem of the healing art; and in the present time a serpent with its tail in its mouth is regarded as an emblem of eternity. The serpent appears also to have held a place in the Scandinavian mythology, where it was regarded as a symbol of the human passions. In the early age of the Christian church, a sect of the Gnostics also worshipped the serpent, whence they were called ophites, from the Greek (ophis) for serpent.

LOVE-LETTERS WRITTEN BY BURNS.—In the neighbourhood of Dumfries, on the estate of Rock-hall, some fifty years since, lived a worthy farmer, whom our great Scottish poet, Robert Burns, was in the habit of occasionally visiting. The progress of their intercourse was varied by an event which must have afforded Burns no little amusement—the farmer fell in love. The lady was of respectable connexions, and the farmer, though excellent at a song or anecdote, was unable for the task of writing a proper declaration of his passion. In this extremity he called in the assistance of the poet. Burns furnished him with two drafts of a love-letter, and the drafts are certainly curiosities in their way. We believe the farmer was successful in his suit. Miss G. listened to the passion so ardently proclaimed by proxy, and lived to be the happy wife of the farmer. The originals of these curious letters are in the possession of a very successful collector of curiosities, Mr. W. Smith, of Dumfries:—

"Madam,—For an excuse for the liberty I am going to assume in this letter, I am utterly at a loss. If the most unfeigned respect for your accomplished worth—if the most ardent attachment—if sincerity and truth—if these, on my part, will in any degree weigh with you, my apology is these, and these alone. Little as I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance, it has been enough to convince me what enviable happiness must be his whom you shall honour with your particular regard, and more than enough to convince me how unworthy I am to offer myself a candidate for that partiality. In this kind of trembling hope, Madam, I intend persuaded that, however little Miss G. may be disposed to attend to the suit of a lover as unworthy of her as I am, she is still too good to despise an honest man, whose only fault is loving her too much for his own peace. I

have the honour to be, Madam, your most devoted humble servant." "Dear Madam,—The passion of love had need to be productive of much delight; as, where it takes thorough possession of man, it almost unfits him for any thing else. The lover who is certain of an equal return of affection, is surely the happiest of men; but he who is a prey to the horrors of anxiety and dreaded disappointment, is a being whose situation is by no means enviable. Of this my present experience gives me sufficient proof. To me amusement seems impertinent, and business intruding, while you alone engross every faculty of my mind. May I request you to drop me a line, to inform me when I may wait on you? For pity's sake do; and let me have it soon. In the mean time allow me, in all the artless sincerity of truth, to assure you that I truly am, my dearest madam, your ardent lover, and devoted humble servant.—Inverness Courier.

EXERCISE.—Some men seem to regard labour as a species of ignominious offence, and never resort to it without appearing to feel as if they were doing a disgraceful act. But, in fact, the exercise of the body by labour operates as a blessing in promoting the health of the system, as well as wholesomeness of the mind. The student who bends over his lamp until his frame becomes emaciated and his countenance cadaverous, may think fine the world by his knowledge, and excite the envy of the ignorant—but who of these knows not the nature of a feeble body, worn away by sedentary habits, and want of exercise; the sleepless nights, the agitated nerves, the bad digestion, the inactive circulation which all follow a life of studious habits. On the other side, take the labouring man—look at his ample structure, his powerful constitution, his physical strength, his sound sleep—those all spring from labor. It is necessary for the student, if he would enjoy life, render his mind more vigorous, his health sound, to take exercise. In this we do not mean a tripping walk of a quarter of a mile, on a fine day, but some effort that will set the blood briskly flowing, that will start the perspiration from the brow, expand the chest and exercise the limbs. So long as we have experience upon this subject—and we have made some experiments thereon—we find that wielding the axe in cutting a few logs of wood, morning and evening, after a hard day's application, is the most efficacious means of obtaining exercise. We often laugh at our young friends when we meet them taking exercise as they call it. They walk slowly a few steps, pick up a battledore and shuttlecock, and sometimes mount on a carriage and ride half a mile—nonsense. Let every one take a good heavy axe, apply it with energy to a hard log of wood and persevere, and we doubt if students will either have sickly looks, be fastidious in their appetites, or excite the fears of the family about conservative inclinations. On the contrary, they will study more clearness of intellect, eat with pleasure whatever is set before them, feel a content and happiness unknown to indolence, sleep soundly at night, and rise at dawn refreshed for the business of the day.

The oftener carpets are shaken, the longer they are the dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads.

DEPOSITING GRAIN AND OTHER SEEDS.—A Mr. Lewis Rham has obtained a patent for improving machinery or apparatus for preparing land, and sowing or depositing grain, seeds, or manure. This apparatus consists of a rectangular iron frame, mounted on four wheels, the axle of the hinder wheels giving motion to several working parts. In front of the machine is a number of angular presses, which form a series of rows in the ground for the dibbles which follow. Behind the dibbles are a similar number of hoppers containing the seed, and behind these again a series of large hoppers filled with manure. The lower end of each hopper is contracted and furnished with a taper valve, which is a cylinder with a recess in it of about the capacity to receive the quantity of seed or manure to be delivered at each movement. The lower part of each spout is inclosed in a movable shield, connected to the tumbler valve by a connecting rod and crank. The shields are connected by rods to the shafts of the dibbles, and drawn forward by their motion, so as to open the aperture at the bottom of each spout at the same time. The dibbles and two series of hoppers are arranged and connected so as to act simultaneously, and placed at such a distance from each other that the dibbles are making one row of holes, the seed being deposited in the second row, and the manure being discharged over the seed in the third row. The hoppers are followed by a row of forked rakes which draw the earth over the seed and manure that have been deposited, and by a roller which levels and consolidates the ground.—Eng. Paper.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF COWS IN FARM-WORK.—To employ cows in work, without injury to them, they ought to be kept in the habit of it; because, if they be not accustomed, they get heated and make themselves ill. You must also see that their hoofs be good, and their breath easy; that is to say, their lungs allowed full vent. They must be fed a little better than cows that do not work, and give them every day, with salt, some barley, or bruised rye or oats, in the proportion of three or four handfuls of meal, and give them three meals a day. You must give them some water every time they are at the yoke, in order that on their return they may not drink too much at a time; and that they may eat immediately on coming back to the stable, without desiring to drink first. In this manner they can be employed six or eight hours daily without any loss of milk, either in quantity or quality—that is, provided they are not allowed to go too fast. To make them quiet, they must be very young, beginning at one year and a half, when they come in from pasturage. You must first accustom them to be led by a halter by a man, afterwards they are to be harnessed and yoked very wide—that is to say, separate a piece of wood which trails along the ground. In getting much patience is required; and above all, no cruelty is to be practised. You must follow them and treat them well, showing them at the same time that they are your master. When once one has a cow that knows how to draw, the young ones should be yoked beside her, then they will go faster.

ON STEAMING POTATOES.—This may be done cheaply and conveniently, by having a false bottom of wood placed in the iron generally used; this will leave empty space in the bottom of the pot, which being filled with water, and some holes bored in the steam rises through the holes, and the potatoes are prevented from falling down are cooked by the steam, and by adding a broad wooden hoop to the top of the pot a large quantity of potatoes might be steamed for the family only.